

THE WAR CRY



AND

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

Headquarters: 101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

Canada West Headquarters: 222 Rupert Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

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TORONTO, JULY 17, 1915.

Chas. Sowton, Commissioner.

Price Five Cents



COMMISSIONER AND MRS. SOWTON, OF CANADA WEST. (SEE PAGE THREE)



Sergeant Mary Smith

was Adjutant Brindley, of Ohio. The Adjutant was a Canadian Officer, and was named Goderich.

ON THE BRINK

THE STORY OF A YOUNG COUNTRY GIRL'S ADVENTURE IN A BIG CITY

CHAPTER IX.

ELSIE'S SEARCH FOR WORK

It was with a light heart and high hopes that Elsie set out next morning to search for work. No doubts troubled her as to the possibility of getting something useful to do, though she was inexperienced in everything save serving in a store. She had grown heartily tired of that sort of work, however, and craved for a change.

Factory work, she had heard, was not at all bad, the surroundings, under modern conditions, were fairly pleasant, and, best of all, the pay was superior to that of a store clerk. What she most needed at the present time was money, for her friend Rosie, hard as she had tried, had not been able to keep the bills paid, and there was quite an account owing now to Mrs. Maguire and also to the credit clothing store.

"I can get a job in one of the factories I would soon be earning ten twelve dollars a week," she said to Rosie. "I know several girls who got that much pay as soon as they had learnt to run a power machine. They say it's quite easy to learn. I'm pretty sure, you know, at picking up anything; so I guess I'll get on all right."

"My, if you can earn that much in a factory I think I'll try it, too," said Rosie. "I never realized how small five dollars a week is till just lately. Why, it seems to be all gone in no time."

"Wait till I get taken on somewhere," said Elsie, "and then you can apply at the same place. It will be much better if we can work together."

The first place Elsie tried was a large whitewash factory.

"What experience have you at this kind of work?" asked the manager.

"None at all," said Elsie, "but I thought you would take me on as a learner."

"Well, I'm sorry, but we have no openings for learners just now," he said. "We are only taking on experienced hands, and we can get all we want off 'em."

Elsie tried several places with the same result. By this time it was noon and she returned home to eat a little bread and butter and drink a cup of tea.

She felt quite discouraged over the ill-rewarded of her morning's search for work. Her recent illness had left her very weak, she found, and the tramping about had tired her most dreadfully. So she lay down, with the intention of resting only a few minutes, but soon she was fast asleep.

By the time the girl awoke the afternoon was well advanced.

"Well, I suppose it's no good going anywhere else to-day," she said to herself. "I know what I'll do. I'll buy an 'Evening Telegram' and look at the advertisements. Perhaps I may get a hint as to where to apply to-morrow."

When Rosie returned home that night she found her friend eagerly

scanning the advertisement columns of the paper.

"Lo, Elsie!" she called out cheerily; "what are you up to now? Didn't you strike a job to-day?"

"No chance," said Elsie, "all they want is experienced help, and from what I see in the paper that is all they want anywhere. Listen to this: 'Experienced operators on shirts,' 'Experienced operators on fronts,' 'Experienced operators on two needed machines,' 'Experienced operators on waists,' and so on and so on, all the way down the list. I don't see a chance for a poor learner anywhere."

"Well, never mind," said Rosie, "perhaps you may get some other sort of work where experience is not so necessary."

"And get starvation wages," said Elsie.

"Well, a little would be better than nothing," said Rosie.

"That's so, but I'll have another shot at the high wages before I give up," said Elsie.

"Hello! What's this? Listen! Wanted—A girl to assist in a private hotel; good wages. I'll mark that right away and see about it first thing to-morrow. I guess that means waiting on table, and I think I could do that. I hope it's true about the good wages."

The girls spent a quiet evening, and retired early.

Next morning Elsie went off to the address given in the advertisement to make enquiries about the

situation open. She was rather disappointed to find that it was only an advertising agency. The man who ran it demanded a dollar before registering her name as an applicant for any sort of situation.

"But can you get me the job if I give you a dollar?" said Elsie.

"Oh, sure," replied the man; "I'll send you right away to the place, and if the lady isn't suited yet she'll be almost sure to take you on my recommendation. She's a regular client of mine, and I've sent her dozens of girls."

"My, it must be a big place, then," said Elsie.

"Oh, yes, fairly big, you know," said the agent in a very hesitating manner.

"Perhaps the girls don't stay there long," said Elsie, quick to smell a rat.

"Well, to tell you the truth, they don't," said the agent blandly. "You see, it is only a stepping stone to something better—a sort of training ground for higher positions, and they'd be foolish not to grab their opportunities. I assure you, Miss, if you take this position you'll get in touch with a swell class of people who can put a good word in for you in the right place. Why, some of the girls I've sent to this place are now drawing their fifty a month in some of the largest hotels in this city. But, as I said, it depends on how you watch your opportunities. Some get on all right and others get fired mighty quick. You look at this pretty smart girl now. I'll guess

you'll be one of 'em."

"I'll be one of 'em," said Elsie, "if I can only get the job."

"It's all right," said the agent, "if you can only get the job."

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The eldest child (a girl) was allowed three place a day, by the family, for cutting grass, out of which she and her younger sister, who was a little older, had the ulcers of the scalp (from malnutrition). She never knew what it was to have a really good meal. The treatment was a long process, but it was successful. One day this miserable little mite came sobbing her heart out. She had been unmercifully beaten, for losing a goat. The poor, bleeding head had not even escaped.

Our hearts ached for this poor little soul, but she could not be persuaded to leave her relatives, either for Missions or work.

where she would be allowed to remain a Hindu. Cruel as her people were, they were all she possessed.

Needless to say, she was a free patient, though she had required many yards of bandage and the services of a nurse, for at least half an hour per day.

It was Sunday evening. Most of the staff were off duty, when a little woman, carrying a rather big box of about ten years of age, staggered into the waiting hall, and laid her hands on the floor.

The Officer on duty tenderly lifted the lad on to the operating table, and sent an urgent message for the doctor and nurses to come.

Now, the doctor and nurses were hasty and hurried. The boy was a danger of bleeding to death. He had been injured in the abdomen by a bullet. They had come ten miles from the front to the hospital, and he had been unable to obtain help, so he carried the boy himself. From two o'clock they had been unable to get water to drink. When they arrived at the hospital, he was close on six. Before eight, mother and boy were sound asleep; comfortably sheltered for the night.

A Grim, (Hafura), slung hammock-wise on a pole, with a bridge placed carefully over his... to keep his "inwards" in. There had been a fight. The man was in a bad way. The case looked anything but hopeful.

The purpose of first-aid to the wounded, all right, but it left a lot of grit and dirt in the wound. However, the patient recovered, and can be recognized by the long scar where the brick was.

One more case. Ovarian tumour: Mahomedan woman; operation successful; patient recovered.

One morning we found her husband had left her. We were informed he would return to-morrow—he had gone to his village to get food.

Where we asked her where, where, we were informed that "Allah would provide."

Had she had anything to eat that morning? No, she had drunk a little water, and was very hungry.

She had quite fasted that day, if we had not made the most careful enquiries.

During the days and nights her case was critical. She had been preoccupied with stimulants; Bovril, etc., at the hospital expense. They were quite poor, having just a couple of bulls they hired out. But the woman would not have asked for bread. She was, however, provided with roti at the Hospital expense, until her sire returned with fresh atar.

Touching Funeral Service

What procedure to follow the Salvationists did not know, but he pulled his Bible from his pocket, and again it opened at the Twenty-third Psalm, and this he read, the men standing round, giving reverent attention.

At the conclusion of the reading he asked the men to sing softly the metrical version of the Psalm. How suitably they sang it! It was evident that their minds were carried back to the villages in the glens, to the peaceful kirk and the rugged grandeur of the Scottish hills, and to the loved ones who awaited their return.

There was hardly a dry eye in the little company, for by now they all knew that among those they were committing to the grave was their own.

The solemn, firm prayer and the graves were filled in. As he looked for the last time on the dearly-loved face of his old comrade he found comfort in the knowledge that they would meet in the Better Land, where pain and parting, war and death are unknown.—British War Cry.

Yes, ma'am, said Elsie.

The cook, a stout, middle-aged woman, with a hard voice, gave Elsie her attention for a moment.

"You'd better put on that apron over there," she said, "and get the lunch for the dishes washed up."

Elsie remonstrated the woman's manner, and a sharp retort was on the tip of her tongue. But she thought she had better not run any risk of forfeiting her new job, so she agreed to control herself and did as she was bid.

The "scullery" she found to be dark, unventilated, room, with

Medicinal Missionary Work

(Continued from Page 7.)

the south into her stomach (his earnings), and she isn't better yet."

After much persuasion, the wife brought to reason, and the operation was performed.

The sorrow and suffering of this little family was terribly sad, but they represent thousands more.

An elderly man with an ulcer on his arm was being dressed. One day when he was nearly well, with-

out any apparent occasion, he burst into tears. We asked him why he was crying, when he was so nearly as well. We found that his domestic life was a tragedy. He had two grandchildren whom he dearly loved, and whose own parents were dead. He, with his children, lived in a tenement house in a remote part of the city. He would shake his old head very sorrowfully and say: "Is dunya a place for a man to live in? This world is full of sorrow!"

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our in-patients provide their own food. They prefer to. It saves us much trouble, and they are more happy on account of their caste prejudices. Two annas per day for food are allowed from the Hospital funds for any really destitute patient. As far as Hospital funds go, we are quite poor—poor!

IN CANADA AND

Canada East Headquarters: James

11, 1915. W. J. Richards, Commis-

sioner.

"No suggestion, quite satisfied, of the people seem to be; a great many of our customers are eager to receive it."

"I do not know of anything I could do to improve 'The Cry.' I am sure it is well worth its money."

"I would not do any more than he is doing now; 'The War Cry' is very interesting to me."

"I could not do anything more than the present Editor."

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